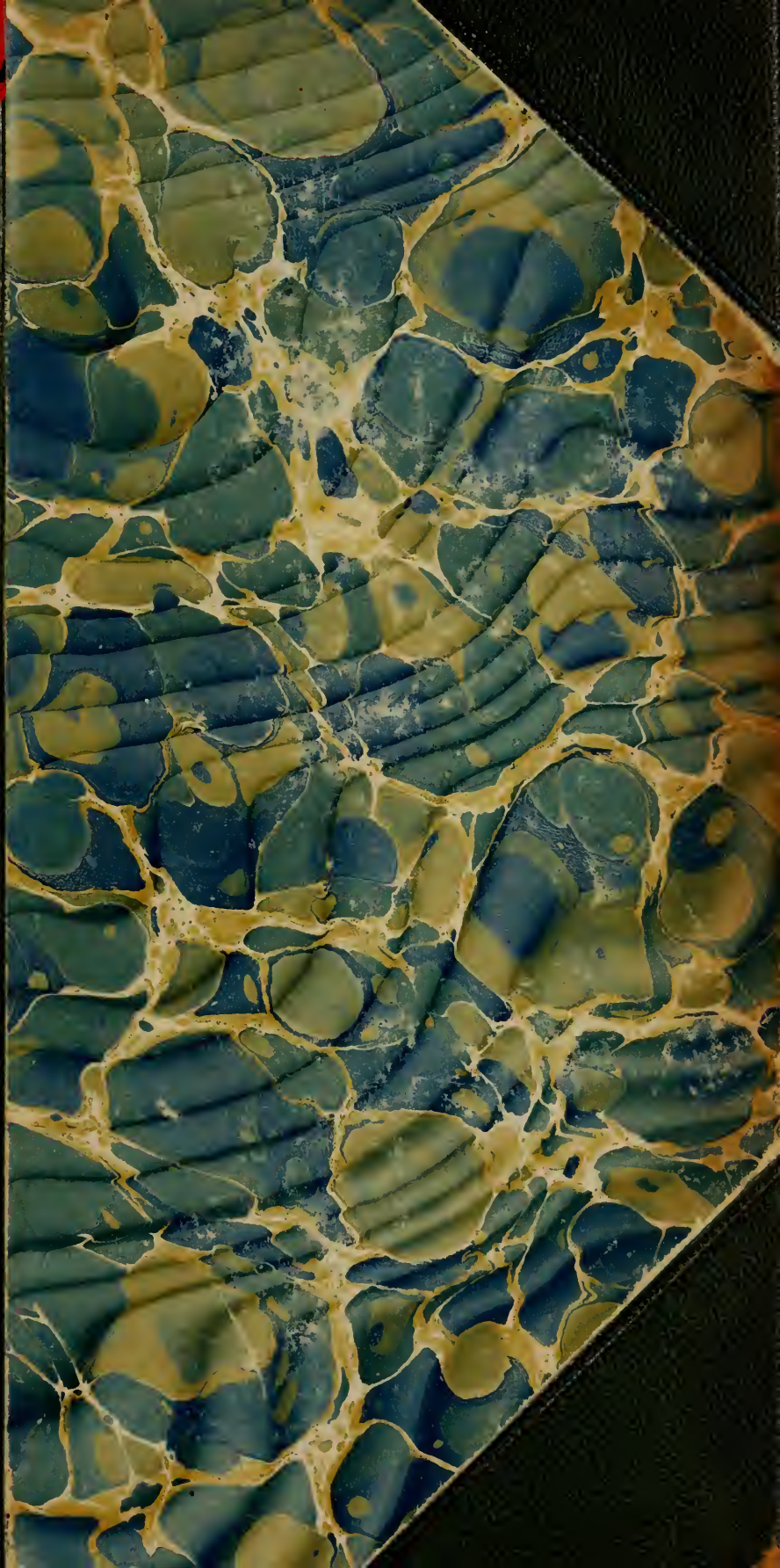
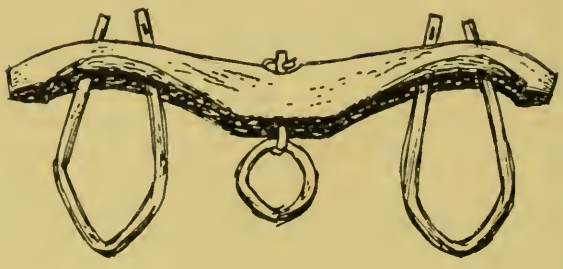
973.7
L63Whep



LINCOLN ROOM



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY

TWO SERMONS

Preached in the Church of the Unity,

16th
April ~~23~~ 1865.

I.

ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

II.

DUTIES SUGGESTED BY THE NATIONAL GRIEF.

By GEORGE H. HEPWORTH,

PASTOR OF THE SOCIETY.

BOSTON:

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY,

BY JOHN WILSON AND SON.

1865.

973.7L63
D2H41e

DISCOURSES.

I.

ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MATTHEW IX. 15:

"CAN THE CHILDREN OF THE BRIDECHAMBER MOURN, AS LONG AS THE BRIDEGROOM IS WITH THEM? BUT THE DAYS WILL COME WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM SHALL BE TAKEN FROM THEM, AND THEN SHALL THEY FAST."

BRETHREN, last Thursday morning I read to you the first part of the verse which I have chosen for my text. It was a day appointed for fasting, humiliation, and prayer; but so signal had been the victories of the few preceding days, that this people, with one accord, united their voices in a great chorus of thanksgiving. Little dreamed we then, that so soon the latter clause of my text would call this mourning nation to the saddest duty of its life.

Who can measure the great grief of this people? The blow came so unexpectedly, that we hardly yet know how to express our feelings in fitting words. Each man weeps for a friend in the loss of this our foremost American Citizen. When the dreadful tidings first flashed upon our hearts, it seemed too appalling to be credible; we struggled against it. "The wires have played us false," we said; and we almost grew indignant with the tamed

1022922

lightning, which, but a few hours before, had thrown the whole nation into such a bewilderment of joy, as it told us the story of the fall of Richmond; and which now changed our joy into the very bewilderment of woe, as it wrote upon the bulletin, "The President is dead!" We did not know how much we loved that good man, nor how much confidence we had reposed in him, until the fearful certainty of our loss assured us. Was ever public officer so sincerely mourned before? Every home of the North will drop its tear of genuine sorrow upon his grave; for mothers sent their boys to do the dreadful work of war all the more willingly because our Commander-in-Chief was so prudent, careful, and thoughtful; every hamlet will learn the lesson of the hour from its draped pulpit, when the preacher will tell how fell the unsullied patriot from the affections of the whole people into the bosom of immortal life; every city, from where the Atlantic wave moans its sorrows to the rising sun, to where the Pacific sighs out its grief to the sinking orb, testifies its respect and love for the great man, by those emblems which sadly decorate every public building, if not every private residence, and which always tell us that the people's heart is heavy.

Brethren, it is not merely a brave warrior whom America mourns. No battle-chieftain, however great his exploits in the field of danger and of conquest, could ever rouse such love as this we bear to Abraham Lincoln. It is not merely the clearness and sagacity of his mind that most we miss. No philosopher, however gifted, ever rested so securely in the affections of the whole community. No: these tears are shed for one who, standing on an eminence so high that few would not be made dizzy by it, walked humbly, honestly, and faithfully; doing the greatest work of many a century as a servant of the people, and a servant of God. We felt

that the Republic was safe while he stood at its head. In those seasons of great public excitement, when great and important questions were to be decided, — questions affecting our welfare in the distant future, and our relations to foreign powers, — he was the calmest man in the country; and many and many a time, when we have rebelled against his judgment, and given way to passionate criticism, we have learned to regret our own heat, and wonder at his serenity. Ah! where shall we not miss him? His influence was potent within the halls of Congress, shaping the legislation which is to affect us when the glad morn of peace comes; it was felt in all the ramifications of our foreign and domestic policy, tempering all decrees by a statesmanship, not more remarkable for its sagacity than for its kind consideration of all parties; and it will be felt by every soldier in the field in whose heart the destinies of his native land and the name of Abraham Lincoln have been so intimately interwoven.

In 1809, in a little village in Kentucky, beneath the thatched roof of a poor man's cottage, was born a child, whose prospects for the future seemed very limited. He received from his parents nothing but poverty and a good name. His childhood was in no degree remarkable. There were no foreshadowings of the greatness to be achieved; and very few of those traditions of wonderful precocity, which, in some mysterious way, cluster about every eminent name. His library consisted of a well-thumbed Bible; and his fortune, of an empty purse. He passed the first thirty years of his life upon that monotonous plane on which every poor farmer's boy lives. He spent his days in driving the team afield, in caring for the little flock as it wound slowly o'er the lea, and in the common drudgery which marks the lowly position he occupied.

When he was on the threshold of middle life, a resident of a village in Illinois, he was intrusted with some slight responsibility by his fellow-citizens. He was regarded with kindness because he had been something of a traveller, and an observer of men and things, — having made a voyage down the lordly Mississippi; and because he had given his services to the Government in the Black-Hawk War, and shown no lack of courage, but rather a quiet persistency and fearlessness, which added to the lustre of the shoulder-straps which made him a captain. Having served his constituents faithfully in a minor position, he began that slow and toilsome journey of promotion, which is marked at every step by honesty of purpose, and which ended when, obedient to the will of the North, he modestly assumed the position of President of the United States.

Never have I been more proud of my country than when, gazing upon the lowly spot on which he was born, and the straitened circumstances of his youth, and then upward to the proud position he won for himself, I remembered that in America we have no royal circle from whose narrow limits the rulers of the kingdom are chosen, while the gaping multitude look on in open-mouthed wonder; but that every boy on the continent has royal blood in his veins; and, if he but will it, he shall rise, forgetful of his humble origin, — nay, nay, forgive me, *proud* of his humble origin, — to the most responsible positions in the land. Happy country, which sees the brilliant light of promise and of hope in the eye of every boy! Blessed institutions, which, instead of veneering the top of society, send the schoolbook and the prayer-book to the lowliest, and electrify the great body of the people with an honorable ambition!

If a stranger were to offer his criticism upon Mr. Lincoln, I think the first characteristic of which he would

speak, would be the extreme and charming Simplicity of the man. This is so marked a peculiarity, that no one can have failed to notice it. It is to be observed, not only in his daily talk, and in his always courteous bearing, but also in his public speeches, and in those documents some of which are to become a part of our national literature. He was the most truly Republican President we have ever had. Accepting a position as important and as influential as that of the Emperor of France, he carried to the White House the rigid simplicity of his Illinois home; and, in his endeavor to do the work, the arduous work of the hour, he forgot to put on any of the trappings or pomp of royalty.

So noticeable was this peculiarity, that many of us regretted what we called a certain want of refinement. *We* would have had him keep in remembrance, that he was President of the United States; but *he* could never ignore the fact, that he was simply Abraham Lincoln. To say what he meant was his ambition, and to mean what he said was a matter of honor. Perhaps he did not always indulge in court-language; perhaps he was not as graceful as some lesser men have been; but he always acted the wise, prudent, and manly part. He claims our forbearance for telling an apt story, for wit and sarcasm which sometimes seem out of place; but he has no need to seek our forgiveness for connivance against the honor of the Republic. Grace of bearing is a good thing; but unswerving integrity is sublime, even when it is awkward. For my own part, I am glad that we have at last had a President who scorned to use the privileges of his position for the study of the rules of politeness; and who, a yeoman, would not ape the courts of Europe, but set himself at work to do a real service for his country, at a time when she had been robbed by so-called gentlemen of the first families, and must be set right, if at all, by the

great mass of the common people and their representative.

If you should look this broad continent over to find a man who came from the people; who knew their wants and their troubles by experience; who had been educated only in the schools of the people; who possessed their confidence; who was proud of his ability to do them good; who had been led neither by scholarship nor ambition to a forgetfulness of their exact condition, — in other words, if you should search this nation through to find a man who should be a true type of the America of to-day, — you could not discover one so fit for the purpose as Abraham Lincoln. In his earnestness and in his wit; in his persistency and in his good humor; in all the angles of mind, character, and life, — he is the best man of this generation to show the strength and the peculiarities of the American.

He was pure-minded, seeking not for himself, with unhallowed ambition of conquest; but rather for his country, with the holy ambition of the patriot. He was pure-hearted, governed in all his dealings by a pervading sense of moral responsibility. He was unsuspicious, — alas, alas! brethren, he was *too* unsuspicious; he believed *too much* in the honor of those around him; and for this reason he sleeps upon his bier, while a nation bends in tears because his slumber knows no waking.

Another marked characteristic of the man was his religious faith, his often-avowed belief, that this people are in the especial keeping of Providence; and that it was his duty as President to await the expressed will of God, and then to act. He was not of that company of heroes who win the sympathy of many by electing themselves men of destiny; but he firmly believed that this nation is a nation of destiny, and was modest enough, ay, humble enough, to forget himself in his honest endeavor to obey the people's

will. I delight to linger on this part of our great leader's character; for our public men have so often been mere politicians, winning their way to position by those various arts which are recognized as legitimate in the circles where they are used, but hardly looked upon with favor by an impartial religion, that it is exceedingly refreshing to know, that, in the time of our country's dire necessity, the highest officer of the nation was the humblest of us all, and sought to know the will of God before he listened to the will of man. I verily believe that the religious view of the war, — and this seems to me to be the sublimest fact of the war, — which has pervaded every class in the community, and shown itself in the subdued manner in which, for the last two years, we have received the tidings of every great victory, is greatly due to the position assumed by Mr. Lincoln. How easily he could have stirred this people to acts of revenge, — acts which we might never cease to regret, — had he but issued a series of documents filled with revolutionary rhetoric! But, instead of this, America has often been quieted in the hour of intensest excitement by the moral weight of our President's character and words.

I do not speak thus as one who blindly praises the dead. I have no desire to lift Mr. Lincoln into the upper region of a faultless manhood. I have no wish to forget the fact, that he had faults, — ay, even grave faults, — in speaking of his virtues. At a more appropriate time, I may give you an estimate of his relation to, and influence upon, the age: but now our sorrow and our love are our only eloquence; and, in reckoning the qualities which so endeared him to us, we will not forget that the tone of simple trust in God, which gave depth and beauty to nearly all his public documents, and which in private intercourse made so lasting an impression upon those who were privileged to take his hand, did much, very much,

even more than we knew at the time, to direct public opinion into those channels through which the popular feeling and excitement naturally flowed towards a religious view of our national affairs. And who can tell the benefit of such a tendency, who knows how much of the moral strength of this people to-day comes from this fact?

Many a time have delegations of citizens gone to this First Citizen of America, and said, "Mr. Lincoln, this people believe that you have been providentially placed in your position for the salvation of the nation. Every village church in the land lifts its fervent petition in your behalf, and every loyal man feels that he may trust you to vindicate and establish his dearest rights;" and the old man, instead of drawing himself up to his full height, and in courtly fashion receiving this language as homage done to himself, has bowed his head as in the presence of sublime duties, and consecrated the memory of the interview with tears. Brethren, these things are not often written in the biography of great men.

One other characteristic of which I must not fail to speak was his Firmness. Justice has never been done to Mr. Lincoln in this respect. He was not one of those boisterous men who herald the fact that they have strong wills, and who seem to act as though an unbending will was the chief element of heroism. He had his own way very quietly, yet he generally *had* his own way. He knew the value of advice when given by his peers, and was always courteous and deferential while it was being bestowed. But he held it in about the same estimation in which others of the world's best men have regarded it, — a something which it is very necessary to receive, but not always necessary to heed.

It is rather a peculiar fact in the history of his administration, that, while so many have blamed him for lag-

ging behind the people, nearly all have thrown the odium of such sloth upon him personally, as though it were the natural tendency of his character, and not the result of any outside influence. The future historian will give him credit for a degree of determination in the establishment and execution of his public policy which may surprise us all. He made but little noise; yet he is more responsible for the acts of his administration than any President we have had for many a year.

And now he is gone. Alas! a good man and a true man has been taken away. Steadily our love and respect for him has increased since 1860. He early won, and has steadfastly kept, our confidence in the progress of this tremendous struggle; and now we may say, without fear of contradiction, that no man ever wielded such power, and made so few enemies. I repeat it: *No man ever wielded such power during four successive years, — years of blood and sacrifice, of tears and death, — and made so few enemies.*

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

And now he is gone, — gone when we seemed to need him most, and when we loved him best, — gone from a good life to a better; from the soldier's home on earth, to the soldier's home in heaven; from his triumphs to his reward, — gone to the blessed company of great men who in times past have led the people on from sin to liberty, and laid down their lives as a willing sacrifice on the altar of promise. To-day, while we mourn, he sits in the council-chamber where martyrs and heroes are convened, — where are Washington and Adams and Hancock and Warren; and he is their peer in the love he bore his country, and the love his countrymen bore to him.

O exalted spirit! if you can spare a single moment to

look down from those heavenly realms which have so lately burst upon your enraptured vision, upon our bereaved homes, you shall see how dear was the place you held in all our hearts. You have been the people's friend, and they put the evergreen of gratitude about your name. Calmly you have led us, wisely, tenderly, and yet firmly, through four times twelve months of woe. You have gone with us into the valley of defeat, where we have reckoned the fearful cost of life which was marking the uncertain progress of the war; you have been with us when the glad tidings of victory came; and we have always found you our friend, faithful and true, — our leader, just and wise.

You need no monument to tell your worth. These tears are better than the marble shaft. These grateful hearts, which will tell the children who sleep in the cradle the wondrous story of the times through which we have lived, will not forget to say, that all the nation trusted, and all the people loved you. You shall live in the new America that is to be, and your best monument shall be your redeemed and free country. You were with us, with kind word of counsel, when with our voice we cried, "Our country shall be one and indivisible!" and when a million men, the flower of the generation, stood side by side to battle and to die for the Union; you were with us when the voice of the people was heard all over the world, saying, "Never more shall there be slave upon this soil; hereafter all beneath the protecting folds of our flag shall be freemen!" and when, in gratitude, two hundred thousand dusky braves sprang to arms, and fought for the honor of the country that dared to proclaim that they were men; you were with us when the weak and worn enemy flew panic-striken from their last defences; when the arch-traitor fled the avenging hand of justice, and hid himself in the swamps of the South and

the depths of his own crime; and when the commander-in-chief of organized rebellion gave up his blood-stained sword to the noble chieftain who was the representative of order, union, and liberty, — and now you have gone. Nay, nay: we will not believe it. You are still with us, and you will be with us unto the end!

Brethren, we still trust in God. The meaning of this event we cannot read. We are not robbed of our faith; and who shall dare to deny, that *Lincoln dead may yet do more for America and Americans than Lincoln living?*

In my mind's eye, I see a stout and well-built ship lying a wreck upon hidden rocks. Bravely she has breasted the storms of a score of winters. She has battled with the tornadoes of Indian seas, bending her proud masts until the frenzied wave threw its furious spray upon the highest sail; she has confronted Atlantic tempests; and, when she came into port at last, was just enough defaced to prove the terrible character of the struggles from which she had come in triumph. She has brought her rich cargo of hopes and faith, of good laws and liberty; and but yesterday, her cargo safely landed upon the wharf, she slipped her moorings, and playfully unbent her sails for an hour's enjoyment. But, alas! there were rocks, hidden rocks, in the way, — rocks not laid down upon any chart, except the chart of Satan. She struck; and tears filled our eyes as we saw the noble vessel, that had done her duty so well, lying there the victim of a mischief that could not have been foreseen. So is it with our Country's Chief to-day.

II.

DUTIES SUGGESTED BY THE NATIONAL GRIEF.

ACTS XIV. 22:

"WE MUST THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION ENTER INTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

THIS morning, as the first rays of the sun waked me from the restless slumbers of the night, — for who could sleep quietly under the pressure of the sad news which has draped all our homes in mourning, — I had a dream, — a strange, unpleasant dream. I thought that I was one of a large company of men, who were standing huddled together beneath the shadows of a dark valley. Yonder, upon the mountain-top, was a flood of light; but between us and it were mists and rocks and pestilence and dangers. We groped our way blindly for a while, when suddenly there appeared in our midst a homely yet an earnest man, who told us he could lead us safely up through the mists to the sunlight. Cheerfully we gathered about our Chieftain. Day after day we toiled in the upward path, sometimes stumbling, sometimes falling, and bedewing the grass with our tears, yet believing that in the end we should reach the glorious summit. Suddenly our hopes of success ripened into certainty. The dreary journey was well-nigh accomplished. We stood upon the very edge of the magic circle of the perfect day, when the heavens shook, and our leader was gone. He whose wisdom had been our reliance; whose firm faith had so often cheered us; who had been with us in every

danger of the toilsome path, increasing our love for, and our trust in him with every new experience,—had, as by some fearful magic, vanished; and another, a stranger, must be our leader. Rousing myself, to shake off the effects of the dream, my eye fell upon a flag fringed with black, and I cried, "Alas, alas, I have not been dreaming, after all! 'Tis true, 'tis all too true, that the Moses of our America is dead! Who shall tell us if there be a Joshua in the land!"

Brethren, how long we have lived in one short week! Monday brought us tidings of a great victory; and the very air seemed to tremble with the prophecy of peace. Twenty millions of men, who have been hoping and despairing for four years, were electrified with joy as the wires told us the wondrous story of the prowess of the Union army: how the slaveholders were driven to the wall by Northern mechanics; and how the military leader of organized rebellion, the representative and champion of a self-elected and arrogant chivalry, had presented his sword, in token of submission, to the brave general who was omnipotent for country and for freedom. On Thursday this whole people gathered at the altar, and there sang songs of thanksgiving because there were no more battles to be fought, and no more graves to be dug. On Saturday, as though by a bolt from the clouds, we were stricken dumb with sorrow; and strong men buried their faces in their hands and wept, forgetting, for a day at least, their money and their ambitions in sincere grief for the loss of one so true, so noble, and so wise, as Abraham Lincoln.

The time has not yet come when we can fairly measure the mind and character of him we mourn. We are still sweeping round in the vortex of confusion and convulsion, whose wild forces he controlled; but when, from the standpoint of some twenty years hence, we shall look

back upon these times, we shall do him justice. The heroes whom God raises up from the midst of civil disorder, are not best known or understood by those who are riding on the wild tide of events. We who are in middle life will scarcely live long enough to fix the position of Mr. Lincoln in our country's history. Our children, unprejudiced, impartial, can do it. They will be at such a distance from the cluster of mountains which these mighty times have upheaved, that they can calmly measure the height of each. And I have firm faith, that as, in the old range of the Revolutionary war, the snowy top of Washington towers far above all others, his head continually crowned with the clouds of heaven, so in this new range, which is to take its place in the world's great map, the lofty head of Lincoln, the very twin of Washington, will rise above all other peaks, a landmark of history for all coming time.

This morning I spoke briefly of the three prominent characteristics of this great American, — his Simplicity, his Faith, and his Firmness. And yet, there is nothing so remarkable in his short career — for, five years ago, he was scarcely known to any one of us — as the steadily gaining confidence of this people, which he challenged and obtained. The tide rose higher every month; and when it had seemingly reached its high-water mark, he died, and carried to heaven a nation's love, won by honest labor in the cause of liberty. No man ever had such a gloomy prospect before him as did he, when, four years ago, he reached the Capitol in spite of the snares of the asssassin. Six States had already declared themselves out of the Union. Davis had been proclaimed and inaugurated President of the Confederacy, which just now has neither local habitation nor a name. One hundred thousand men, frenzied with hatred of the North, their lips trembling with vows of sacrilegious allegiance to slavery,

stood, in serried column, ready to fight and die for their delusion. Our Treasury had been robbed; our arsenals were empty; our navy was at the uttermost parts of the earth; our army was on the farm, in the workshop, warehouse, office, and pulpit. And now, though four years have passed, not only is the rebel army subjugated, but, what is better, the rebel *idea* is annihilated. America comes from the struggle all powder-stained and glory-covered: not a cross between slavery and freedom, but wholly and grandly free, and emancipated from the possibility of ever wearing the chain again. Remembering all this, brethren, it is with no common feeling of sorrow that we look upon this man robed in the vestments of the grave, while in our hearts we say, "He was always a true friend to the Republic." It is a proud title, and can be worn but by few. He wears it proudly, and adds a new value to its lustre. Be this the thought we put upon his tombstone: *The more we knew him, the more we loved him. The more he was tried by the common danger, the more he was trusted by the people.*

Happy is the man of whom such words can be truly spoken; yet they are *his* fitting eulogy, and in them there is no fulsome praise. Because he loved the nation, it now weeps for him; because he labored in our behalf, we hold him in affectionate remembrance; and because he died for us, we will teach our children to speak his name with love and reverence. The grave will not hold him. He cannot be buried. Translated, he will still be with us. He sleeps in the heart of the Republic; and, though seen no more, has become a vital part of our civilization.

But this hour reads us many a solemn lesson to which we must give heed. Let us hear what it says: —

I. It assures us that this appalling crime is not an accident; not the eccentricity of one man, inspired by hate or impelled by revenge, — but the natural culmination of

the policy of rebellion. It is only the inevitable and ultimate logical result of that spirit which has been fostered by the South for a whole generation. The whole matter can be stated with algebraic precision: 1 oz. of treason = 1 lb. of crime. Slavery never yet produced a race of really chivalric men, and it never will. The best society — I mean the society which gives us the greatest number of generous, devoted, and brave men — is always that in which the citizen is at once humbled and ennobled by labor. A race that thinks itself superior; that writes its own praises; that affects to despise a man whose hands are not white, and delicate as a girl's; that maintains its chivalric position by the duellist's pistol and the coward's knife, — is little fit to be part of a Republic, whose coat-of-arms is the browned picture of an honest workman. For years we have felt this. For years we have borne arrogance and insolence. For the sake of peace, we have sacrificed every thing; ay, we even gashed our manhood, and became a police-force to search for men who would be free, and send them back to their masters *and ours* again. But it pleased not heaven that this should be the fate of America. The South, sure that Northern patriotism could be hidden in the mysterious folds of a dollar-bill, struck at the heart of our country. Its plan was conceived in infamy; it was continued in cruelty; it has been illustrated by murder; and now, beneath the sturdy blows of army and navy, it is just sinking to its sacrilegious and dishonorable grave.

Brethren, I do not care to recall these facts. I do not wish to harrow up your feelings by reading the impartial page of history. But, standing within the shadow of this grief, it seems necessary that we should ask ourselves some serious questions about this work of treachery. I confess to you that I have searched the record through; I have scanned page after page, to find something, some

little thing, to make me feel that this rebellion is not one vast, unmitigated crime, — and I have failed to find a single gleam of light in all the black darkness of the last four years. Treason began its career by attempting the life of the President, on his way to Washington, — hoping, in the dread confusion, to seize the reins of Government, and compel the people into acquiescence to their plans. When it failed in this, it dug up from honorable graves our soldiers, and made amulets of those dear bones which were crumbling in the cause of liberty. It showed its animus at Fort Pillow, when in cold blood it butchered scores of men who wore the uniform of the United States. It systematically starved to death, not hundreds, no, nor thousands, but tens of thousands of the very flower of our youth, the pride of the generation, who had committed no other crime than that of being loyal to the flag; and, to-night, hidden in the black corners of their heaven-deserted country, are whole regiments of men who are praying for welcome death, as the only release from suffering.

Would that I might turn from these almost incredible facts! Would that I might excuse this atrocity, by saying that the very air is full of exaggeration! But, alas! the truth is not all told yet; nor can it be fully known until that dreadful day, when Mercy shall refuse to intercede in behalf of the criminal; and when even stern Justice shall be wonder-stricken at the inhumanity of man to man. And now, driven by despair, all their hate exploding in one final act, they have hired the assassin's knife, and in the loss of our leader make us bedew our very victories with our tears.

But, sirs, ye are too late. Ye have touched us to the quick by this fiendish act; but ye have not maimed the strong arm that shall lay you low. Lincoln is dead, but America lives! Of all men, your victim regarded

you with tenderest pity. The only voice in all our land that dared to plead in your behalf was his, whose tender heart could not harden itself against the sinner. You struck at your only hope when you lifted your hand against him, and blotted out your only chance of escape from the dreadful and merited punishment of your crimes. Twice you have made this people an unit: once, when the red-hot shot of rebellion ricochetted across the waters of Charleston bay, hitting the walls of Sumter with a dull and doleful sound, that melted twenty millions of freemen into a single giant; and now, a second time, when you have killed our Chief, and caused such grief to mingle with our triumphs. But, be sure of this, we are stronger and more determined than ever. As, in days of yore, true Sir Knights put their swords upon the altar ere they went forth to battle, swearing to destroy oppression wherever it should be found; so, standing within the cathedral shade of a nation's grief, our vow is registered, — to offer no terms of peace with rebels, and to give to treason nothing but the grave which it pollutes.

Only a few speak in different tones. An unenviable few, who crawl upon their bellies through the mire of their own fatuity, and who in the dark rejoice at this fearful deed. Hardly human are they; for, when their country's fortunes are low, they turn aside to laugh. Twenty years ago, they were the children of poverty, as most of our wealthiest men were. Had it not been for the genius of American institutions, they would to-day be mere drudges, living in the basement-story of our society. All they have, and all they are, they owe to the Government which they affect to despise. Shame, shame of such base ingrates! There is no hope for them in this present life, — for all true men regard them with contempt, — and I think there is but the very ghost of a chance for them in the next life.

II. Now that the terrible character of this rebellion has been illustrated, it behooves the North, if it bears any love towards its free institutions, to be sternly and tremendously just. If there is such a spirit as this in the land, — a spirit that will seek its own ends at any hazard, — that will employ the enginery of poison and assassination, — that does not scruple to strike at the sacred person of our great Chieftain, — it is our duty not to sleep until it is crushed. We must have no compromise with it; we must not enter into a treaty with it, any more than we would make a compact with Satan: we must talk, pray, legislate, and fight, until it is dead. I think that now we are thoroughly roused; at least, I hope so. Alas, that it needed so dreadful a calamity to call us to our senses! I hope we are determined to give things their right names. I have been pained beyond expression when in company, or on the street, or in the car, I have heard a disloyal man sneering at the Government; uttering, arrogantly and impudently, his criticisms upon our soldiers and our cause, while his companion simply smiled, or adroitly turned the conversation. At the social board, men — of course they were not gentlemen — have given vent to loud-mouthed comments upon the Southern chivalry, and, through a false idea of politeness on the part of those who listened, have been unrebuked. Brethren, let that thing cease from this hour. When patriotism and politeness come into collision, let politeness bow itself out of the room, and leave you alone with your lofty love of your country. And hereafter, when one meets you on the wharf, or in the street, and dares to utter disloyal sentiments, brand him as a traitor, as he is, refuse to take his hand, treat him as your worst enemy; for, if you have a dead boy beneath the sods of Virginia, that man helped to kill him. Point to the body of Abraham Lincoln, dead by the murderer's bullet,

and say, "Sir, that is your work. Your doctrine, logically carried out, is such a viper's brood of deeds as this." For myself, I very much fear that, under such circumstances, I should forget my clerical dignity, and remember only that I am a soldier in the army of the Lord.

Brethren, you have at home a wife with whom you have toiled for many a year, — who, in many a time of struggle, has cheered you on in your dreary work; and who, in many a dark night of doubt and financial perplexity, has been a very star of heaven to you. You have felt the sacred weight of her head upon your shoulder when some deep grief fell upon you, while your mingled tears have more perfectly melted your two hearts into one. You have, besides, fair daughters, — girls who have grown up into beautiful womanhood beneath your smile and protection. Now, tell me, suppose it came to your knowledge that deep-laid plans were on foot for your domestic ruin, that certain men had banded together to rob your altar of its fire, your home of its treasure. Nay, more: suppose their machinations had succeeded so well that your fairest girl had been laid upon her bier, and was now sleeping where the daisies blossom above her winding-sheet. If you should meet in the street one of the assassins, would you affably take his hand, lift your hat in salutation, and act as though he were your best friend? Or would you spurn him from your presence, and refuse his offered hand as sternly as you would the hand of Satan? So should you do to those whose hands are lifted against their country.

Let us have done with this sickly sentimentality which encourages crime, because it dares not be impolite; and let us get over this strange, bewildering fit of loose generosity towards rebels, which we dignify as magnanimity, but which is really unwarrantable carelessness of our

duty. So wild has been our enthusiasm at the near prospect of peace, that we have been ready to give a surrendering force almost any terms they have chosen to demand, and have offered the parole of honor to thousands and thousands of men who never had a spark of that sacred feeling; while it is a fact unparalleled in the history of warfare, that rebel uniforms disgrace the streets of Richmond, and officers in gray, with the shoulder-straps of rebellion on, jostle familiarly against the soldiers of the Union, who have captured them in fair fight. Was such a thing ever heard of before! Are we crazed by our triumphs, that we are so criminally negligent of the laws of self-protection? I suppose there is no doubt whatever that Lee's officers held a carousal in Richmond on the night after the President's assassination, *in honor of that event;* and who knows but it was held in the *very house where that assassination was planned months ago?*

We have become too lax in our policy. I think we ought to solemnly demand two things of Government, as rights pertaining to our safety. First, that every officer and every soldier captured in war shall be kept in confinement until the war is over. It is enough to ask of our soldiers that they endure the hardships of the march and the perils of the field *once* in the capture of these men. It is rather discouraging to meet Lee's army on the slope of the Alleghanies, to capture his force entire, and then, having paroled a large number, to meet them again under Johnston, and have to go through the pains and perils of the field a second time. Yet this has been done, to our certain knowledge, in times past, and we have no guarantee that it will not occur again. Second, it is our duty to demand that such punishment shall be meted out to rebellion as shall insure us against its pollution in the future. For my own part, I think the chief

offenders should be treated as other great criminals are treated: they should be tried, and, if proved guilty, hung until they are dead. This is not revenge; it is not the result of a bad animus. The murderer's doom has been death, by every human law known to any civilized people. Then, is he to be reckoned guilty who kills one, and he deemed guiltless who murders a hundred thousand?

The rank and file, who have been deluded, a major part of whom can neither read nor write, who were dragged into the war without knowing what it was for, without knowing that they were to fight for their own degradation and enslavement, may be pardoned without injury to the country, though the country will not long be safe unless it puts the church and schoolhouse in their midst. But every officer, of whatever grade, from the corporal to the general, should be, by solemn act of Congress, disqualified to hold any office under the Government at any time in the future, and stripped of the right to vote at any election. And even that is the mildest possible form of punishment for such a crime.

Never will I consent to balance your vote against that of one who has ever taken up arms against his country. You may have gone from your home and your babes, filled with a divine enthusiasm such as inspired the army of the Revolution. On a score of fields you may have met that very man. In striking at him, you struck for your country, to which you and he owe everything; in striking at you, he struck — a base ingrate — against his country, and for a government whose purpose *was* — it has no purpose now, except to get to Europe with the gold it has stolen — to bind the fetters tighter upon the hands of millions. And shall he, when fairly beaten by the prowess of such as you, when *our* Government is firmly established, — shall he come up to the ballot-box and deposit there his vote as an offset to yours? Is that

right? Is it just to the million men who sprang to arms in 1861? It must not, will not, be.

III. There is another duty of which I must not fail to speak. It is that which we owe to him who now holds the reins of Government in his firm and skilful hands. I believe him to be one of the greatest and truest men of this age of great men. Yes: I say age of great men. I know that many are in the habit of looking into the past for their heroes, with the feeling that the days of great men have passed. But I believe that no single generation, since the pilgrim fathers consecrated Plymouth Rock by their heroism, has produced a larger number of men who have something of true greatness about them than this one in which we live. Twenty years from now our children will look upon these times, and tell their boys that "There were giants in those days." And among them, perhaps head and shoulders above them all, will be the manly figure of Abraham Lincoln; while, standing by his side, with proportions that will call for nearly equal admiration, will be the conspicuous form of Andrew Johnson. Truly we can say, that the country is in good hands. Though the duties of the hour are arduous, requiring courage, firmness, and a stern sense of justice, we may yet have the fullest confidence in this new leader. There is little danger that he will yield to the slightest demand of rebellion. He believes in the iron hand, and knows how to use it. His is no theoretical knowledge of the great questions at stake. He was born under the blighting shadows of slavery. He lived within the magic circle where these fearful spirits of devastation were conjured up, and in his own early life was one of the victims of that class of men called the chivalry. When the war broke out, he resisted it with all his might. He was both feared and hated by our enemies. His life was threatened; his wife and children were taken prisoners;

and yet he remained a Union man, defying the traitors in their own stronghold. No menaces could intimidate, no bribes could buy him. He stood by his country when less daring men fled in terror; and, as the reward of his unswerving loyalty, he was raised to one of the highest offices in the gift of a grateful people. Since then, God has called him to the one only office that is higher. Immense responsibilities are on him. He cannot bear them unless the people enthusiastically come to his aid, and help him. Forget whatever is unpleasant in the past; and, as you gave your love to him who has just passed on, now give your loyalty to him whom Providence has given us for this important hour. We will sing our songs of peace and good-will over the departed; nay, we will cease this busy hum of business for a while, forget our money-making, and weep tears of gratitude that, in our dire distress, we had so noble a leader, so faithful and true a friend, as Abraham Lincoln. But, brethren, the great work calls, and calls loudly; we cannot hesitate long, even for a service so sacred as this. With hearts dedicated to the great future, all the more singly by the grief they bear, we will go forth to toil for our native land under the Elisha upon whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of the translated Elijah.

So have I seen a sturdy ship slip her moorings, while the heavens were lowering, and go proudly forth to battle with the storm. Hour after hour her bows plunged through the opposing waves, which, maddened to fury, dashed themselves to pieces against her iron sides. Often her tall masts bent to the gale as though they would break, while her strong sails were riven and torn by the sudden blast. The relentless waters swept over her deck, and ever and anon carried to a watery grave some one of the brave crew. Still, all storm-scarred as she was, she made headway, and promised to reach the still waters

beneath the horizon at last. Suddenly, while officers and crew stood appalled, the black clouds overhead opened their fiery mouths, and while the deep-toned moaning thunder went echoing from wave to wave, the fatal shaft struck down the helmsman at the very moment when he was plying all his energies for the safety of the vessel. It is not strange that men's cheeks blanched as they saw the sight. It is not strange that a kind of fear froze their blood for an instant; for, though accustomed to the sight of death, they could not be prepared for this. For a single moment the goodly vessel felt the shock. Her sails back-filled, she put her gunwale beneath the seething wave, and the stoutest hearts trembled. But only for an instant. This fear did but flit through the mind, and then vanish. For standing by the wheel was the brave man, second in command, who sprang over the dead body of his superior officer of an hour before, and with a giant's power grasped the wheel. The vessel felt it in an instant. Righting again, obedient to the stern command of her master, she plunged with renewed vigor into the waves, and battled until the storm was over, and the still waters of peace were reached.

So, brethren, it will be with our country. We trusted Lincoln, — we will trust Johnson; and, above all, we will trust in God.

H. E. H.
DUPL.